

# Color

The

All Round the World

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AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

MY CHARIOT ROLLS  
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## WHAT WAR CALLS FOR.

HERE is nothing on earth more heart-rending than to see two rulers fly at each other's throats and, in order to satisfy their thirst for fame, or to claim satisfaction for some supposed diplomatic insult, or for a cause dismally obscure, set two nationalities in the field of battle to the sound of arms, the parley master in dispute.

Yet we question whether any scene upon earth, with the solitary exception of Calvary, has ever produced one tithe of the self-abnegation and self-denial which

have been produced by the many cruel wars between the most powerful nations of Christendom.

When the declaration is merely a matter of hours, see how the men busy themselves in having everything in readiness; listen to the soldier's song they bolsterously chant as they put the finishing touch to their preparation. For your hand unto the cauterized heart, how bravely submit to the enemy is toasted again and again, and how the happy hit!—"May our steel be the first to taste the foreigner's blood!"—in received with yells of approval, three times three, and as a wind-up,

musical honors.

These men despise the enemy's power, they laugh to scorn a thought of defeat; their country's honor has been touched and they—the upholders of that honor—are prepared to make the snaky cat the leek or, in their attempt to make that do so, leave their bodies to bleach under the sun's fierce rays.

The mothers and wives and children, too—do they not share of self-denial? Is the parting with—very probably for ever—soldier son, or husband, or father, not a terrible ordeal for the poor women and children who are left behind

to not only the absence of the loved one, but the cruel tortures of knowing what terrible suffering may befall him in the strange land of bloodshed to which they have gone?

Who can estimate war's tax on these poor wives and mothers? the agony of suspense, the tears, the groans, the heartaches, the poverty, all intensified a week and months pass without tidings from those whose safety is almost life to them.

See, on, the battle-field, the steady advance of that body of men. It might be

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